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#4

LUNCHMEAT

BLOOD! TERROR! BABES! MONSTERS!

LURKING INSIDE...

TAPES FROM THE TRASH BIN!

RINGMASTER CARL CREW!

KILLER ANIMALS ATTACK!

MORE FUN STUFF!





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KITCHEN STAFF**

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LUNCHEAT
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"Resurrect Your VCR"
by Putrid



Thanks again
to all who
sent it in!

What movie's that from??

Don't ever just hate it when you get a
 life of dialog, a random scene or some
 radical artwork stuck in your head,
 but for the life of you can't remember
 what flick it's from? We feel your pain!
 Give us a shout and we just might print
 it in an upcoming issue!
 Send 'em in and stay tuned!
 Thanks to Nate for the lightbulb!

Cannon Films

Screenwriters: Tony Anthony, Lloyd Battista, Jim Bryce, Jerry Lazarus, and Gene Quintano

Is there anything particularly compelling about *Treasure of the Four Crowns* for the seasoned cult film fan? Not particularly. However, it is the type of movie I would have absolutely loved had I first seen it when I was 10 years old, and for this reason alone its existence is commendable. This Spanish *Indiana Jones* rip-off, shot on a modest budget, is filled with just enough spectacle, heroics, and endearing (if awful) effects to impress any unjaded, wide-eyed, young videoreviewer.

After a slightly overdone *Star Wars* style scrolling intro, the film opens on the impressive exterior of a decaying castle. Outside our hero, J.T. Striker (Tony Anthony), stoically toasts his cigarette in true Eastwood fashion as he prepares for his as yet unnamed quest. This sets up the opening sequence. It is all action and no dialogue, and probably three times as long as it should have been. Striker is bombarded by all manner of booty-traps: spiked gates that crash down out of nowhere, trap doors, flaring boulders and floating crossbows? Most of these items fly disorientingly at the screen because the film was originally shot in 3-D. Striker performs impossible acrobatics to find, and eventually escape with, a magical key that unlocks the mythical four crowns that are said to contain stones that hold powers incomprehensible to mankind!

After securing the key, Professor Montgomery (Francisco Vilella) convinces Striker to lead an expedition into the heavily guarded cult temple where the crowns are known to be held. Striker puts together a motley band of adventurers including: Rick, the alcoholic climbing expert; Socrates, an aging circus performer; and Iix, Socrates' pretty young trapeze artist girlfriend.

The infiltration of the temple is pretty cool. Motion detectors and electric gates prevent the adventurers from entering by foot, so instead they use climbing gear to climb along the ceiling. Meanwhile, Brother Jonas, the egotistical and deranged cult leader, is busy leading the annual initiation ceremony. Of course, when the adventurers reach the crowns they spring bootys traps galore. Jonas and his followers arrive, and all hell breaks loose!

I won't sugar coat it - the effects in this movie are poor. At one point the magic key begins to float through the air, treating the audience to one of the most flagrant visible string moments in film history! That being said, I can't help but find the attempted spectacle charming in its unbridled sincerity. In other areas the film sustains a solid mediocrity. The acting is acceptable; the characters are thin, but they get the job done; and sets range in quality.

Perhaps the most impressive aspect of this film is the Ennio Morricone score. We know that Morricone could compose great scores for great films, but this film reminds us that he was also brilliant at making bad films palatable, even enjoyable. Some might argue that the latter skill is even more impressive. In *Pressure of the Four Crowns* he plays to the heroic clichés and makes the audiences buy into them. He adds tension to clumsily shot sequences. He even playfully imitates ragged effects with a sense of the fantastic. God bless Ennio Morricone!

At the beginning of this review I said the seasoned film fan would find nothing special here. Well, that was a little bit of a lie. Those who make it through the first hour and twenty minutes will be treated to what is in the running for the most ludicrous ending ever filmed. I will say no more and let you the viewers be the judge.

BLOOD SALVAGE (1990)

High Five Entertainment
Director: Tucker Johnston
Screenwriters: Tucker Johnston and Ken Sanders
Magnum Entertainment (1990)

What is it about backwoods dysfunctional family flicks that tickle me pink? Admittedly, it's probably because I grew up in an out-of-the-way town in southern New Jersey, and watching this particular sub-genre of horror films really hit home for me. The horrors these flicks riffed on were that much more potent because it seemed that much more plausible to me. I fancied strolling through the woods and finding some weebecone shack inhabited by moral degenerates with an insatiable thirst for carnage. Instead, I sat in my parent's basement and drilled my eyes into films like *Mother's Day*, *TCM*, *Lunchmeat* and this creepy cinematic concoction, *Blood Salvage*.


The paradigm used in this particular sub-genre is easy to follow: a family or group of friends venture into relatively unknown territory and are eventually lured into some sort of trap by some mouth-breathing, inbred weirdoes in the sanctum of the wilderness. But it's the quirks given to the characters and the twists on these generic situations that make a film in this sub-genre truly shine. *Blood Salvage* glistens like an abandoned hubcap at high noon.

The family portrayed in this particular yarn is a whole-some group led by none other than the almighty John Saxon as the father. He and his wife along with the stereotypical mischievous son and darling daughter are on their way back home after a disappointing experience where their daughter loses out on a beauty crown in a Podunk town. The twist here is that the daughter has recently been stricken with a spinal disease that has left her wheelchair bound. She is obviously still uncomfortable with that fact and it takes a toll on the entire family. It also doesn't help that a strange man was ogling her at the competition like he was "going to eat her alive". This disturbing figure is our villain: a man known as Jake Pruitt.

Jake and his two boys are a gang of miscreants that live on a salvage yard that functions as a front for their heinous harvesting of organs which they sell on the black market. Jake sends out his (a-hem) less disabled son, Hiram, to sabotage vehicles so they can be picked up and brought to the yard and emptied of their human cargo. But Jake isn't your average grease monkey with a taste for blood; he is a preachy basement doctor that keeps his captives hooked up to primitive contraptions and experiments with tools derived from car parts. The atmosphere in his shop is dark, wet and entirely wicked. It gives us some of the best visuals in the film. These guys are pros, so all goes according to plan and the family ends up at Jake's *Salvage*. But it seems that Jake has taken a shining to the crippled daughter and he has vowed to make her walk again. Of course, that's only one of the challenges he and his boys will face with this little firecracker; she's not going down without a fight.

This film skillfully combines black humor and horror which makes for a treat that sticks to your teeth. This film is a little too long for its own good, but other than that, this is a bang-up B flick that's sure to please. It looks like Magnum was the only company to release this puppy, but it's not that hard to come by. Look for a cameo by heavy-hitter Evander Holyfield as a carnival boxer!

Josh Schafer



It Takes A Man
Can Love Go Wrong
And Now Go Dead.


How True Is It

BLOOD SALVAGE

If Jake can't fix it, it's been dead too long.

B
423500V

IF JAKE CAN'T FIX IT, IT'S BEEN DEAD TOO LONG




**BLOOD
SALVAGE**

**DON'T MELT DOWN IN JAKE'S PAIR OF JOHN—IT COULD
COST YOU AN ARM AND A LEG!**

Jake Pruitt said his boys run a knock-off parts business out of their dad's salvage yard, but if you'll just check them, they're cheating! You see, Mr. Pruitt's devised a way to snatch a human's skin and transplant what organs are left on it, for sale to a desperate medical buyer (RAY WALKER). When Mr. Pruitt (JOHN SAXON) and his family's expertise in little engine trouble while on vacation, their little blood money finds its way to the beautiful blonde daughter, April, Mr. Pruitt's still far from it!

Keep your eyes out for John Holt (Jackie) to turn your hip into a permanent vacation.

Approximate Running Time: 92 minutes



MAGNUM

SCENES IN THIS FILM CONTAIN GRAPHIC
VIOLENCE AND STRONG LANGUAGE

EYEBALL (1975)

Joseph Brenner Associates Inc.
Director: Umberto Lenzi
Screenwriters: Umberto Lenzi and Felix Tussel
Prism Entertainment (1985)

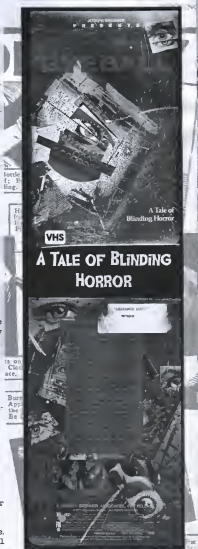
Eyeball is certainly not the best scripted, directed, or acted giallo out there. Despite the film's shortcomings, however, it just may be the quintessential example of the genre's ability to take the shameless and the ludicrous and stir them up into one big cauldron of bloody delirium. By 1975, when Umberto Lenzi (*Nightmare City*, *Cannibal Ferox*) took on this project, the giallo had already been done to death. Consequently there is virtually nothing original about this film. Surprisingly this utter lack of inventiveness turns out to be the film's saving grace; *Eyeball* gleefully takes advantage of the giallo's tried formula and works its clichés to glorious and gratuitous excess.

During the film's title sequence the viewer is led through what appears to be a psychedelic haunted house, the lighting of which nods superficially to Argento. After several ominous moments our gaze is arrested by an anonymous arm wielding a sharp knife which proceeds to thrust down violently amidst blood-curdling female screams. It is pretty clear what type of movie we are watching already. Then the film's rather blunt title flies out of the eye socket of a skeleton and onto the screen! Even though the American distributors changed the title from the more traditional *Red Cats in a Maze of Glass*, *Eyeball* is perhaps a more appropriate name for such a hyperbolized example of the genre. Eye oriented images and themes dominate almost every example of the genre. Every giallo relies on the complicated relationship between its unseen killer, its unseeing victims, and its unequivocally voyeuristic audience to achieve its intended anxious thrill. The mysteries that pervade the genre ask who saw too much? Too little? What do people do when they think they aren't being watched? It makes perfect sense then that the eyeball would be the focal point of a film that takes the genre's subtleties to their most blatant extremes. Oh yeah- it also gives us a hint as to this killer's particular perversion (they all seem to have one don't they?).

The plot is a relatively simple one for the genre: a tour group from Burlington, Vermont is vacationing in Spain when a string of brutal murders break out. The murders seem to echo a similar case from Burlington in the recent past, but police caught the killer in that case... Or did they? Throw in a scandalous love affair, a creepy old priest, and a cynical detective on his last case and you have *Eyeball*. What makes the mystery that plays out so much fun is that virtually everybody in the tour group is a suspect. The danger with this tactic is that you can't possibly have room for so many motives. However, a major function of the giallo during its short but productive life up until this film was to establish one of its most celebrated tenets: no motive is ever too absurd. When all is said and done, Lenzi pushes this idea about as far as it can go.

It is hard to say whether *Eyeball* is only for giallo fans or if it will be welcomed by the more general exploitation audience. One thing it has going for it is a fairly tight pacing. Though still a few years early, *Eyeball* plays out a bit more like an American slasher when compared to the leisurely pace that characterizes even the best examples of the giallo. The make-up effects are fun and Lenzi amps up the gore for the ending, but the seasoned gorehound will probably be relatively unimpressed. The score is fairly catchy, if a bit repetitive. Compared to other B-quality giallos, *Eyeball* easily ranks among the most enjoyable. Let it might take a seasoned fan to truly appreciate the giddy excess with which the film exploits the genre; I fear that to others it may just be another shoddy thriller with a stupid ending.

Ted Gilbert



Twisted
thing! B
L

Buy 1000 B&B



CINEMAGIC (1985)

Starlog Group Inc.

Directors: Damon Santostefano, Jeffrey Baker, Frank Kerr, Jonathan Mostow, and Richard Taylor

Screenwriters: Eddie Brill, Chris Phillips, Jeffrey Baker, Gregory Keller, Frank Kerr, Jonathan Mostow, and Richard Taylor

MPI Home Video Q1985

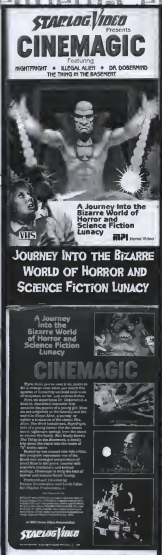
When Don Dohler created *Cinemagic* magazine it illuminated the secrets of crafting monsters, robots and virtually every cinematic special effect you could possibly imagine. It opened up doors for countless amateur filmmakers and gave them the knowledge to work wonders on a budget that would make Roger Corman wince. After just over 10 issues of *Cinemagic* were released (independently published by Dohler) it was purchased by the sci-fi mag *Starlog* who took over the publishing duties and continued to release tips and tricks to motivate young filmmakers to hone their craft with time-tested tactics. Undoubtedly intending to capitalize on the flourishing VHS market, *Starlog* released this anthology collecting four independent shorts that were selected from a contest which was run in the magazine.

Comedians Eddie Brill and Chris Phillips play host posing as film critics and crack (mostly) mind numbing jokes to fill in the space between the shorts. First up on the bill we have "Dr. Dober-mind." Reminiscent of an Amicus style anthology installment, it spins the tale of a little girl who is haunted by a taxidermist after an uneasy visit to his office. The film makes an admirable attempt at surrealism and focuses on mind driven terror; alas, it falls a bit short and winds up being disjointed and somewhat laughable. Watch for the bit in the ice cream parlor. It's insane! The director of this particular short went on to direct *Terminator 2: Rise of the Machines*. Next up is an affectionate and kooky homage to Ridley Scott's outer-space terror, aptly entitled "Illegal Alien." Full of outrageous gags, impressive set and model work along with charming performances this is easily the most accomplished and enjoyable short of the four.

"NightFright" comes up next and tells that all-too-familiar tale of the horror-loving child who is having trouble with a monster in his room. Per usual, no one believes him and his dreams may be getting the best of him. The ending to this one was a bit disappointing, but not for the reasons you might expect. Nobody likes a quitter. Closing up shop, we have another loving homage to the 1951 sci-fi classic, *The Thing from Another World*, called "The Thing in the Basement." A group of friends are slugging beers and shouting over a game of poker when a meteor slams through the roof and lodges itself in the basement. They team up to try and get rid of the unwanted visitor, but it looks like they just might have to deal him in. The jokes are right on the money in this particular short and the creature effects are quite impressive and imaginative.

Fans of independent cinema and young filmmakers alike should really have this video on their shelf. This collection stands as a testament to what a little imagination, a lot of hard work, and a stack of *Cinemagic* can do for the ambitious filmmaker. This video was also released as *Fright Show* with different (and not as cool) artwork, both editions from MPI. I would bet my teeth that this is never getting a DVD release, but you can pick up the tape for about \$10 online. Be sure to grab a few issues of *Cinemagic*, too. You won't regret it.

Josh Schafer



THE ARRIVAL (1990)

Del Mar Entertainment
Director: David Schoeller
Screenwriter: Daniel L. Joka
Prism Entertainment (1991)

The Arrival is an interesting little early '90s sci-fi thriller from director David Schoeller (*Puppet Master*). A supporting role by John Saxon (*Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Tenebre*) and cameos by Michael J. Pollard (*House of 1000 Corpses*) and Stuart Gordon (*Re-animator*) should catch fans' eyes. The movie struggles in a few key aspects, but it does manage to spark enough human interest in the characters to keep viewers on board until the end.

Max Page (Robert Sampson) is an elderly family man who lives with his son's family in their rural home. During Max's 73rd birthday party a strange meteor strikes his property. The next morning Max and his grandson go to investigate the crash, at which point a strange subterranean creature (presumably related to the meteor though we never find out more about it) attacks Max causing him to have a seizure. Max is rushed to the hospital where he is pronounced dead only to miraculously come back to life. He stays at the hospital for several days during his stay he recovers very quickly and forms a special bond with his nurse Connie (Robin Prater), who he learns is leaving for a new job in California the next day.

When Max returns home he begins acting strange; he is sleepwalking and has bizarre lustful dreams involving his daughter-in-law. As we soon find out, whatever happened to Max has given him an insatiable blood lust. After murdering a young woman one evening he flees his family's home and sets out on a trail of carnage.

At this point we are introduced to John Saxon who plays Agent Mills, the detective on the case. Thanks to an eyewitness who comes in the form of Pollard, a motel owner with a foul mouthed parrot, Mills learns that Max is the killer. He is baffled, however, when the motel owner shows him a photo of a Max Page in his 50s. Mills and his partner do a little more research on the meteor crash and determine that Max Page is indeed getting younger. Furthermore, they deduce that he is feeding on the estrogen from his female victims' blood.

Finally, we pick up with Max again. He is now in his twenties (played by Joseph Culp) and searching for Connie, the nurse he had met in the hospital. Now a handsome young man, Max initiates a romance with Connie while feeding his blood thirst at night. Things seem to be working out for Max, unfortunately now that he has settled down in one location it's only a matter of time before Mills tracks him down.

If this plot sounds a bit convoluted and overlong, that's because it is. The last half hour of the film contains most of the drama and, though it takes a long time to get there, it is fairly satisfying when we do. The way the film mixes its science fiction elements with its thriller/horror ones is not so satisfying. The nature of the meteor crash is never really explained, nor is the mechanism by which it makes Max get younger. On the horror end of the film there is very little blood or suspense. Perhaps the biggest plot hole is the unanswered question of why all of these women are so helplessly attracted to the young Max even though he is portrayed as very creepy and emotionless (except around Connie of course). I can't criticize this aspect too harshly because I admit that I found myself growing increasingly sympathetic to Max's inner turmoil as the film progressed.

The Arrival can be summed up as a welcome piece of relatively underappreciated home video history that suffers from blandness at times, but manages to be more captivating than average at others. The quality of this Prism Entertainment release is good and it includes a trailer for *Legal Tender*, a racy early '90s thriller starring Robert Davi and Tanya Roberts.

Ted Gilbert

From the director of "Puppet Master"



DEL MAR ENTERTAINMENT... A PRISM ENTERTAINMENT RELEASE... "THE ARRIVAL" CASTING: JAMES... COSTUME DESIGNER: ROBERT... MUSIC BY: J. POLLARD... EDITOR: PHILIP... PRODUCTION DESIGNER: J. POLLARD... EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: J. POLLARD... PRODUCED BY: J. POLLARD... WRITTEN BY: J. POLLARD... DIRECTED BY: J. POLLARD

THE GIFT OF YOUTH BECAME A CURSE... BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR

The gift of youth became a curse... Be careful what you wish for.



A strange medical event triggers a strange time variation in 73 year old Max Page. His health problems disappear and his desires are answered. But even more amazing is what happens next—Max starts to move backwards in time. As older power to younger him younger and younger—but he can't deny a new romantic hunger.

PRM, Color, NT Max, Robert R. Ultra Stereo



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ENEMY TERRITORY (1987)

Empire Pictures

Director: Peter Moonigan

Screenwriter: Stuart Kaminski

CBS FOX Video (1987)

Enemy Territory is an action film which utilizes two legendary horror talents in its fast paced plotline. First, there is Ray Parker Jr. known mostly for writing a fortune off of the *Elvis* Elvis and the *News* composing the *Ghostbusters* theme song. Secondly, this film employed a young Tony Todd five years before his starring role as the legendary Candyman.

The story focuses on insurance agent Barry Raptchik, who desperately needs to make his monthly quota to impress his degrading boss and satisfy his emaculating ex-wife. Desperate to improve his financial situation, he takes a "sure deal" from his boss: a \$100,000 policy for an elderly retired school teacher. The catch is he needs the paperwork signed that night. Barry obliges the request and drives to the Lincoln Towers, a housing tenement in a bad section of New York City, to meet with his new client. Unfortunately for Barry this tenement houses a nocturnal gang called "The Vampires" and the nighttime approaches.

Barry's not familiarized with the neighborhood and quickly realizes he's not equipped to be around Lincoln Towers after dark. Two obstacles hinder his generous insurance commission: he's white and he acts like a little girl. Tragically his tough New Yorker persona is less convincing than Regis Philbin's, exemplified by the neighborhood children taunting him on the street. When he taps a child on the shoulder to ask for directions while on the 20th floor of the building, he unwittingly initiates a feud with the bad boys of the apartment complex.

This gang, The Vampires, are about as mature as the neighborhood children but more inventive with their name calling. They goad him with names like Insurance Man, Big Mouth Ghost, Casper, Chump, White Meat, and Jerk Meat while threatening violence against him for his upstating offense. Barry soon realizes that their intimidation is not just verbal and enlists the help of a telephone repairman (Ray Parker Jr.) and anyone else living in the towers who will help him escape down 20 stories to safety. What follows is a claustrophobic cat-and-mouse chase throughout Lincoln Towers with bloodshed, chaos, and a really good synth-heavy soundtrack.

The most entertaining moments of the film are provided by The Vampires. They are one of the most antagonistic fictional gangs but, luckily for us, also one of the most unintentionally comical. The Count's (Tony Todd) charisma overshadows every line of blood-soaked dialogue he delivers seems like an audition for a Broadway musical. The gang looks tough, in an '80s way with their jean jackets covered with iron-on transfers and red bandanas. The group also has an extremely limited knowledge of their folkloric mascot's traits: the Lincoln Towers building is their "castle," their leader's named "The Count," and they want to make their enemies bleed. The myth of the vampire has been around since at least the 17th century but they sound like they created the characteristics of a vampire on the fly. Possibly the inner-city public schooling system might have failed them, but I can't believe that not one gang member could have seen *Fright Night*. They even confuse vampires with werewolves at one point. The only other thing as limited as their knowledge of vampires (or general knowledge) is their gang territory which doesn't extend past the entrance of their "castle."

Ideally you should be happy to see Barry attempting to overcome many of his neuroses throughout his overnight adventure in the Lincoln Towers, like his fear of heights, offending African Americans, carrying a large amount of cash, breaking and entering, apartment gangs, guns, and stabbing people (during which he ironically turns pale white and shrieks like a ghost). However you'll probably be more distracted by the bulge in Ray Parker Jr.'s tight acid-wash jeans, which changes size with each location change, to note Barry's personal growth in this adventure.

Mike Zebert

ENEMY TERRITORY

In *ENEMY TERRITORY* they take no prisoners. You've got to kill your way out.

5200



IN ENEMY TERRITORY THEY TAKE NO PRISONERS. YOU'VE GOT TO KILL YOUR WAY OUT

CBS FOX
video



It's the wrong place to be at night!

(Color 1987) Ray Parker Jr. (singer/composer of the smash hit "Ghostbusters") and Gary Harris (singer/lead writer for TV's "Family 5") fight for their lives in this silent survival drama set in a New York City housing project. As the last gases about the tenants of Lincoln Towers lock their doors and creep for now their building is ruled by a savage gang called The Vampires. When the pack goes after an insurance salesman (Frank) and the

telephone repairman who tries to help him (Parker), the hunted pair's been doomed on a dangerous old woman, too tough teenage grand-daughter, a crazed war veteran (Jim Michael Wingard) and a savvy youngster who claims he has an escape route. But the vampires are always in, and the night is very long when you're trapped in the most dangerous place on earth—54th St. **ENEMY TERRITORY** 89 Minutes

EMPIRE PICTURES PRESENTS A CBS FOX PRODUCTION A PETER MOONIGAN FILM "ENEMY TERRITORY" CASTING BY GAIL KATZ MUSIC BY GARY HARRIS COSTUME DESIGNER JANEY L. HARRIS EDITOR JAMES HARRIS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JAMES HARRIS AND JANEY L. HARRIS PRODUCED BY JANEY L. HARRIS WRITTEN BY JANEY L. HARRIS AND JANEY L. HARRIS DIRECTED BY PETER MOONIGAN

Movie Compatibility: **CBS FOX** Only those VHS and Laserdisc players that are compatible with the CBS FOX Video format will play this tape. **VHS** Only those VHS players that are compatible with the CBS FOX Video format will play this tape. **Laserdisc** Only those Laserdisc players that are compatible with the CBS FOX Video format will play this tape. **TV-14** This film contains material that may be disturbing to children under 14 years of age.

SCHOOL SLASHERS

WHICH FILMS MAKE THE GRADE??

BY MR. CHRIS WHITWORTH



Ahhh, September: a truly glorious time of the year. Halloween is just around the corner, retail stores are starting to put out masks and costumes and vacant buildings become havens for haunted houses. It's also the time when everyone heads back to school. Whether it's elementary school, high school, or college, no one wants to go back. Well, you think you have a tough time in school? Imagine being stalked by a maniacal killer! As big as slashers were during the late '70s and early '80s, shockingly, very few of them were set in high schools and colleges. The '90s did see a few school-themed slashers with *Urban Legends*, *Urban Legends: The Final Cut* along with *Scream* and *Scream 2*. If someone were to come up to me and ask me to suggest a good school slasher, I would never even mention any of the four titles I just listed. However, I do have five other titles that are more appropriate and will quench the bloodthirsty gore hound in every slasher fan. So, if you're graduating soon and you thought that you had a rough four years, then pick up these titles and sit back for a true ocular assault.

SLAUGHTER HIGH (1986)

Directed by George Dugdale. Mark Ezra and Peter Litten
Starring Caroline Munro and Simon Scuddamore
Vestron Pictures

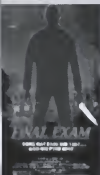
I know a lot of horror fans give this film grief, but I honestly don't know why. It's written really well and it's a very tense film. Sure, it's a little odd that only about ten people show up to what is supposed to be a class reunion, but it's still a well put together film and the deranged jester mask worn by the killer is creepy as hell. Marty is the class nerd who is the target of everyone in the school, from the jocks to the preppy girls, and all they want to do is make Marty's life a living hell. After luring him into the girl's locker room and embarrassing him, a couple of the school's class clowns decide to help Marty cheer up by having him smoke a joint. An accident ensues and Marty is burned in a fire. Years later, a group of people are invited back to the high school for a class reunion. What they discover from the groundskeeper after arriving is that the school has been closed for years. Then who invited everyone? weird things begin to happen and everyone begins to wonder whatever happened to Marty after the accident. They quickly discover that Marty is still alive and hunting each one of them down. Most slasher movies have the killer wearing something memorable; this film is no exception. The aforementioned jester mask is extremely unsettling. It's a shame that Simon Scuddamore (who plays Marty) committed suicide after filming. I think he'd be impressed with the fan following that the film has earned over the years.

FINAL GRADE: A-

FINAL EXAM (1981)

Directed by Jimmy Houston
Starring Cecile Bagdadi and Joel S. Rice
Avco Embassy Pictures

This is one radical slasher movie! If you haven't seen *Final Exam* yet, you need to find your VHS copy as soon as you can! This 1981 classic takes place at a small North Carolina college. Mid terms have rolled around and only a handful of students still remain on campus taking the tests. A killer arrives and blood begins to flow. Director Jimmy Houston takes a unique approach in that he focuses more on the characters and story than the standard hack and slash variety that came out of the '80s. There are no crazy costumes or obscene deaths; it's just a tightly woven and ex-



tremely suspenseful little slasher.

FINAL GRADE: A+

GRADUATION DAY (1981)

Directed by Herb Freed

Starring Christopher George and Patch Mackenzie

IFI/Scope III Inc.

Yet another classic released the same year as *Final Exam*, *Graduation Day* features a cameo by VANNA WHITE and genre star Linnea Quigley (*Night of the Demons*). *Graduation* is coming up and members of the track team are being killed off left and right. Anne Ramstead arrives back home after her sister dies at the championship meet. Right after her arrival, the murders start again. The bodies start to pile up and so do the suspects. Is it the cop? Is it the coach? What about Laura's boyfriend, Kevin? My only real complaint is that *Graduation Day* plays out more like a slasher movie made for the 90s. Two things keep me watching *Graduation Day*: the rock band Felony, who put out some awesome head banging metal, and the legendary Christopher George, who starred in Lucio Fulci's *City of the Living Dead* and is from my home state of Michigan!



FINAL GRADE: A-

RETURN TO HORROR HIGH (1987)

Directed by Bill Froehlich

Starring George Clooney and Maureen McCormick

New World Pictures

Oh, God... *Return To Horror High* is a movie I'm ashamed of having seen so many times, but it's that redeeming kind of shame offering George Clooney (yes, that George Clooney) in a cameo role and featuring 'Marcia Brady' herself Maureen McCormick. A film crew is shooting a movie in a high school where a series of murders took place a few years before. After the up and coming actor (Clooney) is murdered, everyone starts to say that it's happening all over again. The director refuses to stop production and they keep on trucking. What's so funny is that with all the fake blood that's been splattered around the school, when real blood is thrown around, no one gives it a second look. It takes the lead actress and a co-star to solve the mystery. So why should you view *Return to Horror High*? It's a horror comedy that is actually funny; it's also quite good at keeping pace and there aren't enough daunting attributes

to make you want to turn it off.

FINAL GRADE: B

SCHOOL'S OUT (1999)

Directed by Robert Sigl

Starring Katharina Wackernagel and Niels-Bruno Schmidt

School's Out is a movie you either like or absolutely hate. I thought it was an awesome movie; most reviews I read were not as kind. Out of all the school slashers that I have seen, this one was the best written and well executed (no pun intended). Granted, I saw it dubbed in English, but it is still a fantastic film. This was released as part of a series of films that was put out a few years back. *School's Out* was the one movie to truly stand out amongst the others. Titled *Schrei - denn ich werde dich töten*, this German made-for-TV flick shows the big night before graduation at an unnamed high school. Everyone is partying and living it up before heading off to college in the fall. One student on her way to the party is killed and her car mysteriously arrives at the high school. A group of friends are wandering the hallways, setting up tricks for their professors to discover the next day. One of the students tells them the story of someone in the school that was killed with a large pair of scissors. When a harlequin costume on a mannequin goes missing, a killer wearing the stolen costume starts stalking the teens. Beautifully shot, this is a slasher that you cannot miss. The harlequin costume is easily the creepiest costume since that infamous tattered red and green sweater that we all know.



FINAL GRADE: A+

NIGHT OF THE LIVING BABES (1987)

Metropolis Pictures
Director: Jon Valentine
Screenplays: Anthony R. Lovett
Magnus Entertainment Q1987

Sex zombies? Drag Queens? Copious synth music? No, you didn't step into my inner sexual psyche, though you would be close. Instead, you're watching the late 80's shot-on-video, *Night of the Living Babes*. It's a living testament to lycra, hairspray and bad boob jobs, but it is more than that. This is actually a fun little video with two highly talented and underrated actors in the form of Andrew Nichols (*Cafe Flesh*, *Nightdreams*) and Michelle Bauer under the non de plume, Michelle McLeellan.

The story centers on Chuck (Nichols) and Buck (Goude Bonanno), two suburban mooks with smoking hot wives and not the highest of IQs. Well, Chuck's a little smarter but is mentally ruled by the little man living in his garish, tiki-from-hell patterned shorts. Despite the fact that he is married to Sue (Bauer), Chuck is obnoxiously horny for other women. I'm a little surprised that Buck felt safe around him, except that he makes it clear all throughout that he ain't no "fag." Lady doth protest too much? Naw, he's just a nook!

Speaking of Buck, unlike Chuck, he is happily married to the lanky and lovely Lulu (Connie Woods), who is slightly smarter but just as naïve. Naturally, Chuck thinks they are insane and that no couple could possibly be totally happy with each other. He might be on to something since he's able to sucker his pal into going to a zombie fantasy ranch called the "Mondo Zombie Palace." Now did he find out about this New Wave Whorehouse? A coupon in the paper. Iea, Chuck is exactly the kind of guy that would use a coupon at a bordello. Though the question is, what kind of paper runs such a thing? Skanks and Shanks Weekly?

While the boys are out, Lulu and Sue stay home and watch TV. Well, Lulu watches TV, Sue drinks whiskey, curses up a storm and talks gleefully about her homicidal fantasies involving Chuck. In other words, Sue is awesome.

At the Zombie Palace, Buck is practically wetting himself in a non-fun way because he is a wuss and Chuck is eyeing the comely Igor (Cynthia Clegg). Instead of a husband, this Igor is a cute brunette in sparkly blue stripper wear, but she cannot live up to the majesty of Madame Mondo (Forrest Witt). Imagine a tall drink of water with red malin, dark hair, long legs, athletic socks, blue eyes, sneakers, and a schlong. That's right. She's a dude and she is fabulous.

Buck's resolve to stay faithful to Lulu goes the way of the tushie weed, as soon as he partners up with one of Madame Mondo's topless, neon-haired girls. Chuck gets a lady, too, and has the five-year-old equivalent to sex where he literally rides one of the girls like a horse while she is dressed like an Indian. This is one of the goofiest scenes in film history, especially because of the 60's throwback of having physically impossible sex while partially clothed, which is actually sort of charming.

Buck, however, proves his inferiority by having really bad, cheesy, late 80's soft-core sex with adult film actress Blondi. She fakes it like a trooper despite the horrid sax music. (Yes, it really is that cheesy.)

Morning hits and the girls have noticed that their husbands aren't back. Are the men trapped in the web of love? (Yes, I just quoted Joel Lansing!) Or is it something more infinitely sinister?

Night of the Living Babes is certainly not reinventing the cult film wheel by any stretch, but it is clear that the crew and cast behind this had a lot of fun making it. And trust me, fun goes a long way to make your movie going experience enjoyable.

Certainly, what it lacks in budget it more than makes up for with goofy dialogue, great EC Comics style lighting, fun actors, and lots of boobies. Getting Nichols and Bauer is certainly some coup. Nichols, one of the most underrated actors to have come out of the Reagan-era, is able to make the sleazy Chuck likable and funny. Michelle Bauer, one of my personal favorite screen queens, is friggin' awesome as the hateful Sue. She is the foul mouthed, hard drinking best friend I want to have. Not to mention both her and Lulu look like they have shopped from the Peg Bundy collection at K-Mart.

Last I forget the fabulous wit and Clegg as the weirdest villain



IF JOHN WATERS MET GEORGE ROMERO YOU'D GET...
NIGHT OF THE LIVING BABES



Six glasses. One of these glasses contains a red handkerchief and the other a blue one. He now causes the handkerchiefs to vibrate jump from one glass to the other, exchanging places. He merely raises his hands slightly and draws them apart, and presto! the exchange is made.

and benchman duo since Mothra and the "Peanuts." Clegg in fact gets the best line ever, with "I was out in the streets, watching people's dogs for a quarter." Eat that, Hollywood!

If there are some things here that remind you of late 80's porn, well there are some good reasons for that. Both Bauer and Nichols were in Rince Dream's exceptional cult adult film, *Garé Flesh*. There's the aforementioned Blondi and writer Anthony Lovett, who penned some of the *Dark Brothers'* best stuff and went on to write such 90's fare as *Latex*. He even has a great cameo as a Home Shopping Network host from Hell, replete with an American flag backdrop and slide whistle. The shot on video look doesn't help, either.

Night of the Living Babes even has a catchy, synth-driven theme. Oh, and did I mention all of the Mondo girls are named after members of the Mickey Mouse club? At only an hour long, it's a fun, campy bite-sized morsel of a movie.

Heather Drain

GAMMA PEOPLE (1955)

Warwick Films

Director: John Gilling

Screenwriters: John Gilling and John Gossage

Goodtimes Home Video (1989)

This kooky little British sci-fi comedy combines some very dubious science with a playful sense of humor. The story follows an American journalist and an English photographer who are on their way to report on an eastern European music festival. Both characters are exaggerations of their stereotype: the American is gruff and won't take any crap, while the Brit would probably stop in the middle of an earthquake to take tea. Along the way their train car becomes unlatched and they skid into a fictional European city called Gudavia (where the locals apparently speak perfect English). Our protagonists are very keen to leave this quaint little city, but Gudavia's many eccentricities seem to be set on preventing their departure. The telegraph company takes their telegraph only to tell them there is no charge because it will not be sent; the company, it just so happens, only exists for special visitors under special circumstances. The telephones don't work in this city and there are no cars either! It's not long before the inquisitive duo stumbles upon Gudavia's dark secret: Dr. Boronski, the eccentric biologist, is using gamma rays to conduct experiments on the children to create a race of supermen. Sounds a little reminiscent of Lugosi's scheme in *Ed Wood's* *Bride of the Monster* doesn't it?

The plot certainly has its woodian qualities, but on the whole the execution is much more professional. For starters most of the humor is quite intentional; furthermore, it is nicely shot and the farcical acting is, for the most part, spot-on. I would even say that the nonster make-up, though economical, is quite effective. One of the simpler delights of the film is Boronski's underground laboratory. It is pure 1950's mad scientist at its best, complete with a giant dial on the wall that can be switched to experiments A, B, C... or X!

The downside of Boronski's experiments is that they often backfire and create imbeciles rather than geniuses. However, the geniuses aren't that great either as exemplified by the film's Hugo, a bratty, arrogant little Nazi-youth wannabe. Culturally, the film has its feet planted firmly in the post world war II paranoia. Though the Eastern European setting exploits the idea of the foreign "other," the film's humor keeps it from feeling too reactionary; it simultaneously taps into and pokes fun at the audience's fear that any Eastern European country could be nurturing a new fascist regime right under their noses.

It is a little bit surprising that this film lingers exclusively in the VHS bargain bin considering the type of demand there is for 50s sci-fi nostalgia, especially when it is in this watchable, surely this would be a welcome edition to either the Alpha Video or Cheesy Flicks catalogues. Luckily this tape is pretty easy to come by. Fans of classic sci-fi and British horror should certainly snatch this up if they see it at a yard sale or flea market.

Ted Gilbert

The GAMMA People

Paul Douglas and Eva Bartok



"FIENDISH LAB EXPERIMENTS
ARE PERFORMED
ON INNOCENT CHILDREN."

FIENDISH LAB EXPERIMENTS
ARE PERFORMED ON
INNOCENT CHILDREN



These two young scientists are being performed in the laboratory of Dr. Boronski, a mad scientist who is using gamma rays to create a race of supermen. The film is a classic example of 1950s sci-fi horror, with a focus on the dangers of nuclear energy and the potential for scientific experimentation on innocent children.

Goodtimes Home Video (1989)

Paul Douglas

Eva Bartok

John Gilling

John Gossage

Goodtimes Home Video (1989)

Paul Douglas

Eva Bartok

John Gilling

John Gossage

Goodtimes Home Video (1989)

Paul Douglas

Eva Bartok

John Gilling

John Gossage

Goodtimes Home Video (1989)

Paul Douglas

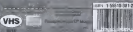
Eva Bartok

John Gilling

John Gossage

Goodtimes Home Video (1989)

WE MAKE COLLECTIBILITY A WAY OF LIFE



NECRONOMICON: BOOK OF THE DEAD (1993)

Davis Film

Directors: Christophe Gans / Shusuke Kaneko / Brian Yuzna

Screenwriters: Brent V. Friedman / Christophe Gans / Kazunori Ito / Brian Yuzna / H.P. Lovecraft (stories)

New Line Home Video (1993)

Ah, to gaze upon the dread arcane pages, bound in human skin and inked in blood, filled with dark secrets of the cosmos, the kind which must surely drive one mad at the knowing of them. This is truly what must have given me pause that fated day at the U-Sell flea market, where amongst other treasures, I acquired this little nugget of early 90's esoterica. I knew it to be my duty as a rabid Lovecraft fan to make this tape mine and dredge it up from the abyss of the misbegotten, and learn of the many half-forgotten and nameless horrors it must surely contain. Thually it was procured and brought back to the LM research facility for further scientific examination.

Upon viewing this anthology the reason for its obscurity became quite self evident. Surely, as this film arrived onto the direct to video scene, Mr. Lovecraft began spinning in his grave at the approximate speed of a jet turbine. It seems as though in preparation for crafting this film, directors Brian Yuzna, Christophe Gans, and Shusuke Kaneko seem to have merely breezed through some cliff notes versions of the three stories the main segments of the film are derived from. However, aside from such a fault, there is much to recommend it. The opening, and consequent wraparound story features Jeffrey Combs channeling Bruce Campbell to play the author, H.P. Lovecraft, as he delves into the vaults of an esoteric monk hood in search of the dreaded tome. These foreboding and sometimes conical sequences lead you through the three chapters by way of HPL, scouring the tone and taking notes.

The first chapter is an amalgam of what appears to be Yuzna's take on the Chthulu mythos stories. The merman that delivers the Necronomicon is quite grim and on a whole, the creature effects are fairly well done. I especially enjoyed the Stewart Gordon-esque green glowing eyes of the wife and child and of course eldritch tentacles! Considering that this was made around the same time period as the Kevin Sorbo Hercules series, the minimally used CGI could be way worse. Swanbuckling abounds while cyclopean is taken literally - for shame!

Chapter Two is derived specifically from the story "Cool Air." It kicks things up a bit with some shower boob early on and actor David Warner as the doctor who is quite in defiance of death. This segment features a nice twist, some brutality and an awesome flesh melting sequence that was to Mr. Gans' credit considering how prolific cheesy CGI was at the time, obviously done the good ol' fashioned way with puppetry and buckets of fake bodily fluids!

The final tale of the three, "The Butcher", seemingly pulls influence from "Turklers in Dark" and is the most intense of the chapters. It spins horrifically out of control and has that very TCM feel to it as things steadily descend, quite literally, into nightmarish chaos with each step. Shusuke Kaneko drops you in a big vat of gore and horrifying creatures; then sits back and allows you to squirm in torment along with the main character as she fights in vain to free herself from the belly of the beast.

Despite discrepancies with the source material, this film is dark, brutal, and comically evil. I suppose the special effects are the true star here as Tom Savini lends his masterful hand and adds a bloody splash of flavor to the mix. Legends speak of a time when this film was initially intended to be a pilot for a premium cable channel series along the line of today's Masters of Horror. This surely could have been a boon to fans of Lovecraft and monster kids alike by updating and disseminating the works of one of the most influential writers of horror. On the contrary, however, perhaps there are some things that man was not meant to know, such as how many copies of this lie not dead but dreaming of the day when someone may come snatch it up out of some dusty box at a dirt mall.

Barrett Wulderk

H. P. LOVECRAFT'S NECRONOMICON BOOK OF THE DEAD

FROM THE MASTER OF TERROR,
COMES A CHILLING TALE OF UNSPEAKABLE EVIL

FROM THE MASTER OF TERROR,
COMES A CHILLING TALE OF UNSPEAKABLE EVIL

STATE-OF-THE-ART SPECIAL
EFFECTS FROM THE EXPERTS
BEHIND DRACULA, BATMAN
ACTION, AND A NIGHTMARE
ON ELST STREET

journey into the pit of hell with
three masterful H.P. Lovecraft stories
crafted in this chilling thriller.
Haunted by the past, a man returns
to his ancestral land only to find a
terrifying darkness lurking in the
corners. A woman, investigating a
series of brutal murders, uncovers the
body of a mad doctor who dissem-
inated the gift of immortality. He, and
death, a truly horrifying vision into
a horrifying corner full of evil crea-
tures who are not what they seem.

An astonishing hell tale that
grows upon special effects. Ac-
tress captures the dark heart of
H.P. Lovecraft with the ghoulish
dark doctor's blood.

From the producers
of Time Machine



Labels: from

WOMEN UNCHAINED (1974)

GGE International
Director: Kent Osbourne
Screenwriters: Clancy R. Grass III and Kent Osbourne
Sinitar Entertainment (1990)

The box art for *Women Unchained* is certainly tantalizing; it features a towering, knife and shotgun wielding, Rambo-esque woman in a skimpy outfit set against the outrageously sexist tagline: "No man is safe when these animals are unleashed." It is exactly the kind of ambiguous gender politics that make the exploitation arena so fascinating. What's on the tape, however, is — uninspired, if you can use such a word to describe the "women in prison" subgenre.

The film opens with an awkwardly shot shower-fight scene that sets up the initial jailbreak. If the spatial relationship between the cells, the prisoners, and the guards can be said to establish the film's overall tone from the outset, then the group of one-dimensional inmates who escape through barren prison corridors only to defeat a single guard (with what I swear to god looks like a broomstick) before escaping establishes *Women Unchained* as a snoozer from the get-go.

The first order of business for the new outlaws is to hold up the first man they see and then take his hostage in his own home. While torturing him, one woman even forces him to have sex with her while she holds a blade to his throat. Almost all of the action takes place off screen; however, this is probably beneficial for the director and cast since what they give us on screen is less than convincing. Eventually back stories begin to develop in a very predictable manner. There is a prostitute, a lesbian, etc. Most of the story follows the former inmates as they split up and try to reconcile their past lives in the process of escaping. While this concept has some potential, it is gone about rather mechanically. The biggest problem of the plot is that it never really sets up a conflict that creates any urgency. They simply break out prison and try to flee the police.

Despite appearing competent during most of the dramatic segments, the directing during action sequences and car chases proves to be entirely inept. Violence and nudity are present but kept very low-key throughout this movie, and not in the "we don't want to let such things distract from the actors' performances" kind of way. The acting is standard exploitation fare but, unlike similar films, *Women Unchained* doesn't have a Sid Haig, John Saxon, or Rosalba Neri to help carry it through its rough patches. There is some comic relief; the most entertaining part of the whole movie is when two hookers steal a big wad of cash from a pathetic, geriatric client in order to help our heroines raise enough cash for false IDs to help them leave the state.

As expected, the quality on this Sinitar release is pretty terrible. In fact, the tape got stuck on me twice while watching. This is really irrelevant anyway because the box itself is probably the only reason you will ever want to own this film. In an age when so many of the classics are available in deluxe DVD editions and none of them are even being regarded as the "classics" they are in popular discourse, *Women Unchained* reminds us of a very important part of the home video experience. We tend to forget that sometimes, no matter how appealing the artwork is, you discover that you brought home a dud.

Ted Gilbert

WOMEN UNCHAINED



No man is safe once these animals are unleashed

NO MAN IS SAFE WHEN THESE ANIMALS ARE UNLEASHED!

WOMEN UNCHAINED

Starring: Candice Auld, Ted Quares, and Darlene Padgett
Directed by: Kent Osbourne

It begins with a disaster. A heated shower goes awry. Then the inmates revolt on the prison grounds.

Prepare yourself for the blood-curdling of **WOMEN UNCHAINED**.

In this contemporary action-thriller, five ladies who live on the edge successfully escape from a maximum security penitentiary. Though some have been unfairly accused and sentenced, all are guilty of being unapologetically vicious. And when they decide to break up with the outside world, innocent civilians are caught in the crossfire. A series of unbridled mayhem follows as the five women try to return to their past lifestyles — and painfully discover they're unchained women in an ever-changing society. Shocking truth only lingers for survival lies outside the prison. The five find a desperate anti-escape, but, unbeknownst to them, a power-packed ambush lies ahead...

Back together for a one-stop chase through the seamy side of life as the misbegotten beasts of prey reclaim their self. Be warned! We'll both re-try the **WOMEN UNCHAINED**.

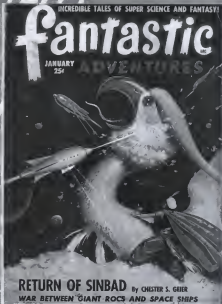
CCOLR, Rated R
Running Time: 92 minutes



WELCOME TO PULP MYSTERY

SCIENCE FICTION
MYSTERY TALES
HORROR
WEIRD TALES

Fantastic Adventures: January, 1949



No, you are not hallucinating: the cover of this January 1949 issue of *Fantastic Adventures* depicts Sinbad riding a giant bird through outer space! It doesn't get much better than this outrageous cover art from Robert Gibson Jones, who illustrated many, many covers for both *Fantastic Adventures* and *Amazing Stories* throughout the 40s and early 50s. What may be even more incredible, however, is that the cover story, "The Return of Sinbad" by Chester S. Gier is actually quite a fun and surprisingly well-crafted piece of sci-fi / fantasy history.

As the issue's featured story and only "novel," "The Return of Sinbad" is a clever take on the traditional character and shows surprising complexity. Singleton Bada, a modern day military pilot stationed somewhere in the Arabian Desert, is whisked through space and time by a roc (a giant bird from mythology). In Gier's tale the roc has the ability to travel in the space between time and reality and is consequently able to move between different worlds at different times. The roc brings Bada to a cave in the desert where he finds Tarnib, a prince who has been kidnapped by pirates. We soon learn that the kidnapping was arranged by Meznir, a neighboring ruler who has exiled the powerful sorcerer El Khad and plans to marry Tarnib's beautiful sister, Najla, and take over the kingdom. Time is running out and Tarnib has mysteriously vanished; the kingdom is in need of a hero. Is it time for "Sin Bada" to make his name go down in history?

Inter-dimensional travel abounded as a plot device in pulp sci-fi by 1948, but

there is still something compelling about the way this story uses it to re-fictionalize a famous character. Still more interesting is the way that in doing so the story addresses the idea of heroism. "The Return of Sinbad" is also uncharacteristically progressive for the era and genre, featuring a very independent female character and a tolerant take on cultural diversity.

This story, in its blending of traditional fantasy with contemporary science fiction, was typical of *Fantastic Adventures*. *FA* was first published in 1939 and conceived of as a companion publication to *Amazing Stories*. The publication reached its peak literary output in the early 50s, a couple of years after this issue. The content of this issue consists of one novel, three novelettes, and two shorts. They range greatly in quality both conceptually and compositionally; at the same time, together they manage to create a broad portrait of the landscape of speculative fiction during the late 40s that is both fun and fascinating.

Rog Phillips contributed two short stories to this issue: "The Can Opener" and "Unforeseen" (as Roger P. Graham). "The Can Opener" explores that inter-dimensional space again, this time through a mysterious metal funnel that lets you drink the contents



THE UNFORESEEN

of a can - without ever puncturing the aluminum. The idea is fun but the story is a little bland. It also features some subtle racism in the form of an Indian character who is called Slide (short for "slide rule") because his real name is too hard to pronounce. The plot of "Unforeseen" is a bit more developed and consequently a bit more enjoyable as a story. It follows the proliferation and eventual demise of a race of robots on Pluto and presents a very grim prediction concerning the future of humanity and civilization in general.

Charles Recour's contribution to this edition of *Fantastic Adventures* is perhaps the most traditional of all the entries. Recour was a prolific contributor to both *Fantastic* and *Amazing* between '48 and '53. His story "Hammer on the Moon" is a textbook anti-soviet space adventure that could have easily appeared in either publication. It follows an American scientist, his beautiful and ingenious wife, and her father, the brilliant professor, as they take a trip to the moon only to discover that they've been beaten by soviet. To make matters worse the soviet have settled the moon and plan to use it to launch nuclear weapons at America! Surely this yarn scared the shit out of many an already anxiety-ridden McCarthy era youngster.

A. Morris' "The Devil of Doom" features the best description line in the magazine which reads "Mote gloated from his throne - for would not Talat soon die in the pit of the giant toad?" It is the story of a deep space pirate who tries to foil his twin brothers plan to take over the universe. As you may have guessed it culminates with a fight to the death between our protagonist and a giant toad! This one is violent and sadistic but its readability is greatly hurt by the overuse of epic clichés.



THE DEVIL OF DOOM

Easily the most enjoyable story in the magazine and my personal favorite is

"That Guy, Satan, Sends Me" Apparently George Reeses only published story, it is a very tongue-in-cheek tale of a swing music loving bum named "Sends-me Slin" and his favorite trumpet player. They both die in a freak accident and wind up in heaven. Heaven, as it turns out, isn't all it's cracked up to be: the music is lame, the women are clingy, and there is no booze! The story pokes light fun at the idea of heaven and hell, features some era appropriate sexism, and has a morally ambiguous ending. It is also chock-full of '40s lingo and eccentric characters: when asked about the origin of his name our protagonist declares "Yeah. On account a hot licks sends me. Right outta this world. Oh ride it, Johnny boy!" Reeses even writes in Nero's (Ghen) mistaken ascension into heaven to fill a missing violin spot. This one is pure pulp delirium!

Aside from the six pieces of fiction, this issue of *Fantastic* adventures also offers a dozen short essays that range from film reviews to accounts of real world oddities. These range from the mundane (vampire bats really exist!) to the retrospectively funny (will we ever find a way to get rid of ghosts on our TV screens?) all the way to the passionate and interesting (Graciosa Verza refutes the notion of "bitter cold" in outer space). I also found it interesting to read a review of Lawrence Olivier's *Haslet* that was quite fervent, if not completely cogent, in its condemnation of Hollywood's lack-luster attempts at fantasy in favor of the more subtle and creative foreign approach. Some things really haven't changed that much in sixty years.

And this is a tale of where people carried this to a huge pile...



THAT GUY, SATAN, SENDS ME

I'LL BUY THAT FOR A DOLLAR!!

How VHS put the
BALLYHOO
on the box!!!



Gimmicks have always been an essential part of genre cinema. Whether it comes in the form of a sensationalistic tag line, posters parading half-naked chicks with guns, or catchwords like blood, terror, babes and monsters, these devices grab your attention and persuade you to slap down your cash to see what's inside. William Castle perfected the art of the gimmick with his trio of films *House on Haunted Hill*, *The Tingler*, and *13 Ghosts*; these films set the bar for ballyhoo in the theater circuit and many filmmakers followed in his footsteps in a variety of ways: shooting their films in *Psychorama* (subliminal tactics), guaranteeing a cash compensation should you die of fright while watching their motion picture, parking ambulances outside the theater with their lights blazing and even providing a barf bag just in case you should happen to lose your lunch. Oh, how I wish I was alive for this! As the home video market boomed in the 80s and interest in actually lugging your caboose down to the theater dwindled, this sort of sensationalism gleefully made its way onto video boxes.

If you are reading through this magazine, you are probably aware of the magnetic pull a big box VHS gives off compelling you to glide across the floor in its direction. I am willing to bet that these glorious big boxes have had the same effect on people since their inception. The cover art was more in your face, the title of the film screamed from the box, and not to sound too redundant here, but the box was just bigger. It caught your eye. The releasing companies knew it, and so did the retailers. But after a while, people weren't as impressed with super-sized boxes. So what were the releasing companies to do to bring special attention to their releases? They had to come up with something new—something innovative—something exciting.

Now I am sure there are a plethora of tapes out there which employed a gamut of devices to capture sales. In this relatively brief article, I aim to share with you the specimens that I have been able to come across in my journeys traversing the vast land of VHS obscurity. The earliest incarnation of a VHS with an over-the-top gimmick that I've found is the Imperial Entertainment release of *Black Roses*. This bad boy has a 3D cover. And I'm not talking about the 3D glasses deal; this is a shaped 3D cover that protrudes from the box (touch it - feel it). Imperial released this in 1988 and must have had some considerable success with it as they also released *The Dead Pit* and *Metamorphosis* both



with 3D covers. Only with latter two releases, they added a light up function that came to life with the press of a button. How could you pass up a tape where the cover is 3D and has light up eyeballs beaming from the cover? You just can't - at least, you shouldn't. Imperial released both *The Dead Pit* and *Metamorphosis* in 1990 which is the year that seemed to usher in the trend of sensational VHS covers.

Take the Shapiro-Glickenhau release of Frank Henenlotter's *Frankenhooker* which also hit the market in 1990. This mega-awesome release actually talked (with a press of a button) emitting the tag line "Wanna Date?" In that same year, Paramount released the little known gem *Demon Wind* sporting a 3D holographic cover. One year later Academy Entertainment released *Mirror Mirror* with a die-cut hologram of a misshapen mirror that revealed the 3D creature within. 3D was certainly the most popular form of box ballyhoo as it was very eye-catching and super-easy to do. For all of the 3D covers I just mentioned (and the talking box), the companies revamped the standard boxes by simply gluing on the new and improved cover (pretty clever, huh?). In 1994 HBO Home Video strayed a bit from the norm and released *Cosmic Slop* with a Magic Eye cover. Now this is technically 3D, but it didn't have the glued on covers like the rest of the bunch. This one was just a standard box with a Magic Eye on it. Magic Eye was a white hot trend with the demographic that was spending their Fridays perusing the video store aisles, so it's no surprise that HBO decided to take a shot with this video.

But 3D wasn't the only gimmick that companies threw at their clientele. Throughout the 90s companies tried different twists to try and wow the masses into picking up their wares. One stand-out example is the A-Pix Entertainment 1998 release of *Bleeders* which came with a blood bag attached to the front of the box! In 1999, Abel Ferrara's *New Rose Hotel* was released by Sterling Home Entertainment in a holochrome box which gave the box an attractive metallic look and projected to the futuristic setting of the film. But sometimes the treat lay hidden inside the box. Colored cassettes were released by numerous companies ranging from Nickelodeon and their signature orange cassettes to the 1992 York Home Video release of *Return to Frogtown* on green cassette, and let's not forget the *Monster in my Pocket* cartoon movie (LM #2) released by Kidmark Entertainment on a blue tape! I wish I could show you these tapes here on the page, but alas, black and white has thwarted any attempt to show you these tapes in their true glory. Guess that means you'll just have to go out and hunt them down!

So, as I said, this is just a small example of the gimmicks that were unleashed on the public. I encourage all of you videovores to keep a keen eye out for anything out of the ordinary and reel them in once you find them. Not only for the sake of keeping them out of harm's way, but to get yourself a slice of home video heaven. I tell you one thing: even though *Return to Frogtown* isn't the best film in the world, and watching it all the way through may cause brain hemorrhaging, pulling that green video from the box will invariably bring a smile to any videovore's face. Now I just need to find a glow-in-the-dark cassette. Now that would be fantastic!

Josh Schafer

CIRCUS BLESSINGS AND ABNORMAL ARTS

A CHAT WITH CARL GREW ABOUT BLOOD DINER, DAHMER, AND OTHER ODDITIES...

Interview by Josh Schafer and Ted Gilbert

LM: If we're not mistaken, *Blood Diner* was your first major role. How did you get involved with the project? Were you familiar with *Blood Feast*, the 1963 Cult classic to which *Blood Diner* pays homage?

Carl: I come from the dark alleys of midnight-movie

houses in San Francisco. (LM) very familiar with Herschel Gordon Lewis' work. I can watch that film intently for about five or six minutes. The soundtrack was also performed by Herschell Glory Be -

LM: What was it like working with cult director Jackie Kong? Were you already familiar with any of her earlier work?

Carl: One of the required films to see before we lensed *Blood Diner* was *Eating Raoul* - interesting. Then, of course, *The Being* and *Night Patrol*. All completely necessary for understanding the level of her sickness.

LM: There is some pretty wacky stuff in *Blood Diner*. Was it difficult exchanging lines with a brain in jar? How about getting your ass kicked by a completely nude actress?

imated brains in a jar? - Getting my ass kicked by a naked defenseless girly-puss in a cave who was totally nude was a surge of delight. With each groin grab (and she wasn't kidding), I squealed with delight. What a darling she was.

LM: The character of Jimmy Hitler, your arch nemesis in the film, is completely over-the-top. Do you know how this character came about? Was the wrestling scene fun to shoot?

Carl: No idea from what polluted, slime-infested corner of Dukey's mind this character emerged. A Nazi retard having tiny dick fits and taking it out on who? Oh, that would be me. We rehearsed this many times, but he still cracked my back on one throw of my body by his steroid-stuffed, ham-limbed body throws. I had to stop and recover for a few minutes in my dressing room. What a character.

This being my first lead role, I was still thrilled; and I made a fortune for three months of back-breaking work. Let's see-I think they paid me \$350 total. But who could forget the luxurious Kraft service they rained down on us throughout the production? I will never eat a fucking Twinkie again.

LM: In 1993 you wrote, produced, and starred in a film about Jeffrey Dahmer. Are serial killers, and Dahmer in particular, something that you have a keen interest in?

Carl: Well, I certainly have made part of my secret studies serial killers. People often ask that of me, trying to dig into the deeper and darker part of my mind (rolling his eyes) Would



it help to know I was raised in a hospital, going on rounds with my Father being a cardiovascular surgeon? Or perhaps the 5 year stint I did at a local mortuary as an apprentice embalmer, living in the student's quarters. Or is it my lifelong interest in the supernatural and spiritual, and things unexplainable, or secret societies and secret technology, hidden history and sacred writ.

I had a very pleasing time playing Jeffrey. I had a chance to meet him, but I turned it down. When we did some talk shows about the subject, I heard from one of the family members that Jeffrey was shown my film in jail. I asked how he reacted and they told me he just gathered himself very closely to the TV set and stared at me, asking if that was him; and they told him "Yes". He then moved even closer to the screen and just stared the whole time (Creep-out). Some of the charming victim's family members became telephone "friends". Namely, Teresa, who was the only family member to go and see Jeffrey in prison. I talked with her for months and months I guess because I could make her laugh so easily. Then her sister called me up one day and told me Carol's room was covered in photos of me. Also, that all of hundreds of phone calls had been taped by her. What an illegal treat. That is a Federal offense with a fine of \$5,000 per phone call. People are so cool.

LM: You've been in your fair share of independent films. Do you have any stories or experiences that our readers might be interested in hearing about?

Carl: Well, there was that charming midnight movie I wrote, produced and starred in called *Gross Out*. And the horrible Orwellian sized disaster *Urban Legends* - so insane and ridiculous. It was based on the director's 30-cent, retarded and hurtful humor that is not to be believed. He trashed the beautifully frightening script I first wrote saying he didn't have the money to produce it and garnered a stupid script to shoot that made no sense. After many



years of sitting on a shelf, Bill (Osool) added some aging scenes from porno films with most of the actors being (now) dead. The worst reviews to be received by any film-maker followed, and of course, added another Osoo-flop to my IMDb.



LM: According to your Myspace site it looks like you currently own a nightclub called California Institute of Abnormal. Could you tell us a little more about the club and what goes on there?

Carl: CIA is a multi-dimensional art venue which encompasses film, live music, freaks and midgets, bands and the most abnormal events available. We have a circus sideshow museum with a dead clown from 1912, the mummy of Alligator Boy, the Spear of Destiny, the Monkey's Paw, the Dead Fairy of Cornwall, England and a host of other relics too creepy to mention - relics of the Underworld.

LM: Do you have any other projects currently in the works that you'd like to share?

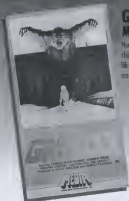
Carl: Right now, I just finished a script called *The Fall of Night's Templar*. It's a serious horror movie set in the 14th century. Also, we will be starting the production of a film called *Dumb and Dahmer* - a film starring the illustrious Shaye Saint John (look at triggers of Shaye on YouTube.com). Described as the Parapalegic Phyllis Miller of the modern stage, Shaye has no real arms or legs - only the cheapest 1990's prosthetics are used with horrifyingly creepy legs and bendable rubber arms. You can Google Shaye Saint John to view a vast history of her many appearances in movies and nightclubs.

Visit Carl Crew and all of his wonderfully weird friends at <http://www.ciabnormalarts.com>
Tell 'em Lunchmeat Sent 'chya!



KILLER ANIMALS ATTACK!

THAT'S RIGHT CINEPHILES, IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE!
And to celebrate that fact, we've decided to present our five favorite killer animal movies from our collection. Don't get too close now. We wouldn't want you to have a little, uh, *fun*. We would just only because it's funny.

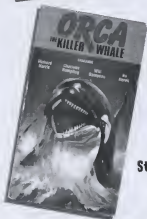


GRIZZLY (1976)
Media Home Video (1982)

Marie (played by a woman named Marie) looks like she would hear him coming? It looks like he's about to bring back hammers down and crush her head like a birthday cake.

HALF HUMAN (1976)
Rhino Home Video (1990)

This beast looks like he's concentrating so hard, doesn't he? I wonder what he's thinking... "What's that? A camera? Hey! You just took my picture! Was I drooling? I hope this doesn't show up in the paper!"

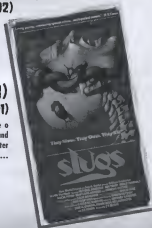


ORCA: THE KILLER WHALE (1977)
Paramount Home Video (1992)

How can something so adorable be so blood-thirsty? I guess when people are feeding you fish from close range it's easy to rock up a body count! Orca versus Jaws anyone?

SLUGS (1988)
Starmaker Entertainment (1991)

Man, these things work fast and don't waste a drop, huh?! Dude is nearly stripped to the bone and still screaming!! And look at that one critter popping out of the skull. He got the good stuff...



TERROR OUT OF THE SKY (1978)
U.S.A. Home Video (1985)

AMHHHH! A giant alien-insect-monster!! Oh, it's just a bee? Either way, this thing looks like it'll rip your head off and turn it into a honey jar. This is why we are indoors people over here...

THE AFTERMATH OF THE AFTERMATH

INTERVIEWS WITH ERIC CADIN AND LYNNE MARGULIES BY david j. moore

THE AFTERMATH (1982)

Director: Steve Barkett
Screenwriter: Steve Barkett
Prima Video Q1985

Three astronauts orbit the earth while the world is destroyed by nuclear bombs. When they return, there are few survivors, and the standard plot develops: when one of them is killed by mutants, the other two escape and take shelter in an abandoned villa in Los Angeles. An evil despot named Cutter is harauding what is left of L.A. by killing the men and taking the women and children for his own dastardly intentions. A woman named Sarah (Lynne Margulies) escapes Cutter's clutches (literally) and ends up in the protection of one of the astronauts (the director, Steve Barkett). They fall in love and adopt an orphan. Soon, Cutter is on to them and kills Sarah (off screen). The two astronauts and their adopted boy go on a revenge trip. By the end, the boy is all that is left alive of the cast, and he walks away down a wide, open road, holding a loaded gun.

Though this movie is very much a low budget and a family/friends affair (it was written and directed by Steve Barkett, who also stars in the leading role

alongside his son as the small boy), it does have some impact. The story is standard, but the script is surprisingly stalwart and doesn't mince words. Barkett as the main character is so ordinary, that when he becomes the action hero towards the end, he transcends the cliché these movies tend to overuse. The nuclear disaster which destroys the planet is never fully realized in the script, although some matte paintings do an impressive job of conveying what might have occurred. Scenes of mutant attacks are a little weak and unbelievable, but the characters use realistic dialogue, and the music by John Morgan is better than it should be. There's also a surprising amount of gore and violence in the film, but it seems appropriate for the time and setting of the story. I'm never sure why Cutter (played by Sid Haig), along with his endless supply of henchmen, live in such dilapidated squalor while there are so many vacant villas around. The sound quality is sometimes poor, and sometimes the action goes on too long (like the scene on the rooftop), but this one is worth a look. Non-heroic men become heroes in the world's epilogue. Forrest J. Ackerman has a scene as the curator of a museum (probably the last one on Earth) and Dick Miller's voice can be heard in another scene.

david j. moore



DESTROYED BY ATOMS AND
GERMS ... WHAT IRONY. WELL, MAN
DEVELOPED HIS TECHNOLOGY, AND
TECHNOLOGY BECAME A MONSTER
AND DESTROYED HIM

INTERVIEW WITH ERIC CADIN

Here's a guy who is familiar to patrons of The New Beverly Cinema movie theater in Los Angeles: Eric Cadin hosts the Grindhouse Film Fest once a month, a double feature presentation of "grindhouse" movies (exploitation films from the sixties, seventies, and eighties), and he's owned and operated a movie poster and memorabilia shop on Hollywood Boulevard since the late seventies. He had a small role in the 1978 post-apocalyptic movie *The Aftermath* as a dead radio operator as well as working behind the scenes with the director, Steve Barkett.

dj: So let's talk about *The Aftermath*. What was your involvement with this movie?

EC: Well, I went to school at the University of Denver and I got back here in September of 1977 and I was going to open up a movie memorabilia shop. So my father was good friends with Susan Turner whose boyfriend at the time was Steve Barkett, and they got me hooked up with him when I got back in town and they found a location over in Las Palmas and we called the store the Hollywood Book and Poster Company. That was Steve Barkett's idea for the store's name. He was spending a lot of time working on his pet project, a movie called *The Aftermath*. It was something he'd been working on for quite awhile. He was having a lot of trouble getting it finished and he'd finally gotten an in-

vector, apparently, to put some money into the film. He was working day and night on his Movieola downstairs in the basement so he really wasn't working much in the store. Later on I got involved in the movie. During the production he sort of re-criticized me as an actor. I played the dead radio operator. Dick Miller was my voice. I had other roles because, apparently, he was a really hard director to work with. A lot of actors either quit or got fired. I would run out there and be a stand-in for them. A lot of times you'll see my arm, my leg - you'll see everything except my face. I stood in for about seven different actors in about seven different scenes. It was an interesting experience. When the movie was finally finished, part of the deal was that I was supposed to get credit (I didn't get any money, and of course they mispelled my name in the credits) and a free video. At least I got credit in the film.

djs: So when did the film actually come out? It was made in 1978, right? Did it play in theaters?

EC No, it never played in theaters. We had a screening for the Academy of Science Fiction and Horror Films. I was a member at the time, and I went to the screening and people were laughing so hard that Barket actually stopped the film halfway through and he threatened to kill a few people. He challenged a few to a fight. He said, "How dare you be disrespectful to this film! I said, 'I'll take you out there and teach you a lesson!' Everybody got sort of scared at that time - he was a pretty scary guy, and everybody watched the film in silence. As far as I know that was the only screening we had in LA. Later on, of course, I got a VHS copy.

djs: I've seen one-sheet posters of this movie. Was it intended to come out in theaters?

EC I believe it was supposed to come out theatrically, but they never really made a deal. I don't remember which video company released the film -

djs: Prism.

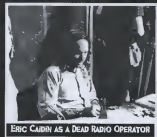
EC Prism, yeah. I don't remember how many prints of the movie he had. I know that he had screenings city to city, he would go and bring them printers; they would set up special screenings. Upon watching the film in further viewings for the limited amount of money that he had, and

with the people involved, I think it was a great film. Really, for a low-budget exploitation film, I saw nothing wrong with it. I thought the acting was abysmal - a lot of the actors were not professional, but I thought it was very entertaining. The Skotaks (Gob and Dennis, the special effects team) became very well known later on - they won an Academy Award for *Aliens* (1986), I think.

djs: The Skotaks did the matte paintings?

EC They were test shots. They weren't supposed to be used in the final print, but they ended up using them anyway. Jim Danforth did the poster art, and he might've worked on the matte paintings too.

djs: This was a family affair, right? There were a couple of Barket's in the movie.



EC Well, Lynne Margulian, who played the heroine, is Johnny Legend's sister. She was actually working in my store from time to time. Her and Barket got together and she not only helped with the editing (as far as I remember, but she ended up being cast as the lead actress in the film. Steve's son and daughter were both in the film. I think Steve's son was seven or eight years old in the film. It was a family affair all the way. Steve did everything: editing, producing, the screenplay, starring in the film - he had a lot of work to do.

djs: Did this movie ruin his career?

EC Not really. It just didn't go anywhere. If they had sold it to something like New World or Roger Corman - it's unfortunate it wasn't picked up by some kind of independent studio, because they could have made some money on it. Not only here, but in Europe. No good distribution deal showed up. And he did an unofficial sequel later on with Fred Olen Ray -

djs: *Empire of the Dark* (1991).

EC Yeah, that was the unofficial sequel, which I never saw.

djs: The *Aftermath* was filmed in LA?

EC The whole thing. A lot of it was shot in Zuma Beach. The scenes at the beginning where the ship landed on the beach, that was all in Zuma Beach. I think it's called Pirate's Cove. It used to be a popular nude beach that we used to go to back in the sixties.

djs: How did they manage to shoot the city streets? It really did look post-apocalyptic, with vacant homes and streets.

EC A lot of that stuff was shot at Ted Mikell's castle. There were some abandoned houses in that area. Whoever was the location manager, maybe it was Steve, did a great job. Of course, the greatest selling point of the film, as far as I was concerned, was Sid Haig as the villain. I'm not too sure how Sid got involved, but he was the selling point. He did a great job and Forrest J. Ackerman, who of course recently passed away, and did the Famous Monsters of Filmland, was a dear friend of Steve's, and Steve was able to get him to do the part of the curator of the museum. I think that was probably one of Perry's best roles.

djs: What's the big secret about Sid not wanting to talk about this movie?

EC Well, if you talk to Sid about the movie, he'll tell you that he had to do a lot of work that wasn't acting - I mean, he had to help Steve direct. Steve was a first-time director and there was a lot that he didn't know about directing. Sid basically went above and beyond the call of duty. It was kind of a complicated thing. I don't think it's something a working actor like Sid, who's been in hundreds of TV shows and films, was used to. It was a different experience for him.

djs: How much of the behind-the-scenes stuff did you get to be a part of?

EC Well, I was there all the time. I was there while Steve was going through the process the dailies, setting up the shots for the next days.

djs: Did anything wacky or crazy

happen during the shoot, anything notable?

EC: I wasn't there, but I heard about this incident with some Marines during a night shot over in Buaa Beach. I guess they were watching them shoot and they actually got into a physical altercation with Steve. I guess we were shooting on their turf, or something. I don't think they had security when we were shooting, which we probably should have had.

djs: Do you know why he chose to make a post-apocalypse movie?

EC: I think he was really interested in exploring a theme where man was faced with the ultimate disaster and he has to get himself through it, make his own decisions. It's like the Ray Milland film, *Panic in the Year Zero* (1962) where the family has to survive on their own, they have to basically fight their own people to survive. Civilization's gone crazy, there's a nuclear war, and nobody really knows what's going on. Their own way of survival is to look after themselves above everyone else. That was Steve's idea.

djs: What do you think about the end of the movie where the kid, played by Steve's son, the last surviving character in the movie, walks down the road with a loaded gun?

EC: Well, I don't think the kid's gonna last a week. He's got no food or water. I mean, I dunno, it didn't make much sense, but I guess you had to end it sometime in some way. I thought the ending was a little strange.

djs: So how does it feel to have been a dead guy in a post-apocalyptic movie?

EC: Steve said I did pretty good. He was pretty happy with my performance.

INTERVIEW WITH LYNNE MARGULIES

If you are a fan of the late comedian Andy Kaufman, then the name Lynne Margulies may ring a bell. She was his girlfriend at the time of his death, and Courtney Love played her in the Milos Forman film *Man on the Moon*, starring Jim Carrey. Her other claim to fame is acting in a little-known post-WWII movie called *The Aftermath*, which was directed by its lead actor, Steve Barkett, with whom Margulies was living at the

time of its making.

djs: What I didn't realize about *The Aftermath*, and you being in it, is that it's pretty much the only movie you were ever in.

LM: Except for my appearance in *My Breakfast With Blanche* (1953), and that was totally unintentional and off the cuff. The only reason I starred in *The Aftermath* was because when I met Steve he went, "Oh, you'd be great in the movie." And I went, "Okay, fine." I would've liked to have done more, but at the time I was too shy and insecure. I didn't pursue it.

djs: Did you get any offers?



LM: I got one phone call after *The Aftermath* from Thailand. This group in Thailand wanted me to do a movie. And then in the next week I saw on the news that there was this ring of bad guys who were trying to get young actresses to go over there to do "a movie" and got them into white slavery. So I didn't pursue it.

djs: How did you meet Steve Barkett?

LM: He was partners with Eric Caidin at the Hollywood Book and Poster Company, and Eric had hired me to work there. I was one of their first employees. How old was I? I wasn't even 21 yet. That's how I met Steve Barkett.

djs: What in the world is the deal with Steve Barkett? I've heard some crazy things about him.

LM: If you meet him he'll be very nice to you... he's very charming. But... in a way, he's got a really short fuse. At the drop of a pin he'll get insulted by something and become a total asshole. If you're sitting in a theater and someone's asking noise, he'll turn around and pick a fight with them. You go to a restaurant and the waitress doesn't treat him right or something, he'll get pissed off and

yell at the waitress. He can be such an asshole. I actually lived with him. I have to say here. When I met him we got together as boyfriend and girlfriend, and I actually lived with him for like three years.

djs: So, after *The Aftermath*?

LM: During *The Aftermath*. And after. I was young, stupid, insecure. God, I hated him. Now I just don't want anything to do with him. Back then, it was like, "What a fucking asshole!" What's funny is when I contacted John Morgan (the composer of *The Aftermath*), about you doing interviews, he told me, "Yeah, I'd love to talk to him. I'll tell him what I really think about Steve Barkett." And they were friends.

djs: Wow. Everybody's ganging up on this guy.

LM: It's because he's an asshole. He's one of these guys who has a really high opinion of himself for no reason whatsoever. He thinks he's a genius. Then he's got that trigger... I used to think of him as Conan; he'd get mad and get all puffed up and get in fights.

djs: Eric Caidin told me the story of when you all had a screening at the Academy of Science Fiction and Fantasy, and the audience laughed at the movie, prompting Barkett to stop the film and challenge any hecklers to a fight. Is this true?

LM: He was challenging the whole audience, "How dare you laugh at my movie!"

djs: How did he get the money to finance this movie?

LM: Well, he's from Oklahoma, and he came out here and made friends with Jim Danforth. Danforth was an animator, he had done some special effects on *The Outer Limits* and *Jack the Giant Killer* (1962). They got together and they decided that they wanted to remake *King Kong* (1953). So they wrote a script, blah blah blah, and they actually got involved with Dino De Laurentis. I think they were the reason De Laurentis got interested in his remake version. So De Laurentis went on and made it without them. He probably realized Steve Barkett was an asshole. Steve was a collector, he had a huge collection of movie artifacts and stuff, and then his sister married a really rich guy from Saudi Arabia. That's where the money came from.

djs: That explains a lot. During that time did Barkett have a profession?

LS: No. I'm trying to remember what he did before the Hollywood Book and Poster Company. He must have done something.

djs: What were you doing back then?

LS: I was just a baby. I was just floating around. Johnny Legend Gray brother, and I were living together at the time, and he had this huge collection of window cards, so we would go around to all the shows and sell them, and that's how we met Eric, actually.

djs: Did Barkett show you a script?

LS: No, see he had already started it with Ted V. Mikels. He was the original producer. He'd made *Corpse Grinders* (1971) and *Astro Zombies* (1968). So Ted was living in his castle in Glendale and he was the original producer. They'd already started shooting it, and they had another lead actress, but he wasn't happy with her. And then he and Ted had a big fallout and Ted didn't want to produce the movie anymore. That's around the time I'd met Steve... he'd already shot some of it.

djs: The castle in the movie that you and Barkett are living in in the movie was Ted Mikels' castle?

LS: Yeah. Ted still let us shoot his castle. He just didn't want to be involved in the movie anymore because he didn't want to be involved with Steve, but he allowed us to shoot there. We shot a lot at Ted's castle, which was a trip. At the time, Ted fancied himself a pterodactyl-riding, crinoid-foiling in a red light.

djs: Really? It looks like it cost millions of dollars.

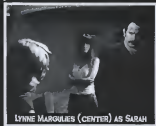
LS: It's all homegrown. The whole museum is full of dinosaur models shot in forced perspective, you know... it's all amazing. There's one scene where her jeep breaks down and she's fixing it... that's a model jeep just shot in forced perspective. They didn't have a jeep.

djs: Tell me what it was like being the heroine in this movie.

LS: In some ways it was a lot of fun. I'm really proud of it because I love sci-fi. I love especially 50's, 60's, and 70's horror and sci-fi. I'm proud to

have been a heroine in a post-apocalyptic sci-fi film. I look at it and go, "Whoa, that's me!" My character survived the apocalypse, but they never said how. If something like that were to really happen, I'd probably just find the most quiet place I could and read and drink wine. I'm a loner anyway. I don't need the rest of the world. Being the heroine was almost like being a part of making the movie because I started doing all the other stuff too. I worked on the crew. I recorded a lot of the sound, you know, so it just became another job. The Sid Haig scenes were a lot of fun. I really liked Sid. I had to stick him with the glass in that one scene.

djs: Yeah, right after he almost rapes you.



LS: After he nuzzled my neck. I like that rape scene where he just kind of nuzzled my neck. What kind of rape scene is this? He's giving me time to grab the bottle. Anyway, Sid was great and a lot of fun. I loved Sid. I didn't get to know him really well, but he was such a breath of fresh air. I don't remember what we talked about, but I remember we sat a few times and had some really nice conversations. He seemed very intelligent, very thoughtful. That was one of the highlights of working on the film. I have a cute Sid Haig story: Towards the end, I was recording the sound, and we had to do voice-overs, but we didn't have a studio or anything, so we put him in our house and the bathroom had the best reverb or whatever, so Sid had to sit on our toilet with the door shut doing his ADR. He was a really good sport about it. He got paid \$AG scale for one week; he did his job and he left.

djs: Did you get paid?

LS: Heavens no. Sid was the only one because he was SAG (Screen Actor's Guild). And the Skotaks got paid like \$200 a week or something.

djs: Where were some of the filming locations?

LS: We actually went to Oklahoma. We took the Skotaks to Oklahoma with us. The scene on top of the roof towards the end where the bad guy gets stabbed in the forehead was filmed in Oklahoma. That's where Steve was from and he thought he could get away with a lot more there than he could here. Which is true; they let us go on top of that building and shoot guns and stuff. We had no permits or anything - people in other buildings were calling the police because we didn't tell anyone. But it's Oklahoma, and he's from there, so when the police showed up they were like, "Oh, okay, no problem." There's one of those mutant scenes, I think it's the one where I'm shooting out the window, I think that was in Oklahoma.

djs: Where the little boy (played by Steve's son, Christopher) gets attacked?

LS: Yeah. And a lot of cutaways too like the scene where Barkett attacks Cutter's camp. Anything that required gunfire was in Oklahoma. Oh, before I forget, I need to tell you about my specialty blood packs that I designed for the movie. You know that opening scene where they're executing everyone?

djs: Oh my gosh, where a guy's head gets blown off!

LS: I didn't do the head, but I did the blood effects. He couldn't afford equine and all that stuff. I took a plastic baggie and I put a slit in it and got some fishing wire, and along the fishing wire I tied little strips of torn baggie, and then I coiled it up, put it in the bag with the slit and filled it with fake blood and then used waterproof tape and tapped up the slit with a piece of the wire hanging out. So you attach it all to a person and you yanked on the string and the guts were all covered in blood and stuff. If you look at that in slow motion, you'll see the trick. It took me a week, actually.

djs: There's a scene where you shoot a laser gun. Any comments about this scene?

LS: Oh, the laser gun. It was just a plastic laser gun. That was shot much later, actually. Steve decided he needed it. We shot that somewhere up in Bronson Canyon, or somewhere. Actually the laser affect was done

for real by someone Bob Skotak knew. He did a real effect instead of just scratching it on the negative which is something Steve would have done.

djs: *Steve Barkett is not a typical post-apocalyptic hero. He's not Mad Max. Yet he's unassuming and average, and yet he's tough.*

LM: He doesn't think he's unassuming and average. Believe me, I don't think he was trying to be unassuming and average, I think it just came across that way. I think he perceives himself as a hero. Definitely. In real life and in the movie.

djs: *Is he like Kevin Costner, glorifying himself in Waterworld (1995) and The Postman (1997)? I love these movies, but many people hated them because Costner depicted himself in such a heroic, savior-type light.*

LM: That's what he's like. There's a cut scene after he holds the dead little girl in his arms, where he gives a long monologue which made him more heroic. He perceived The Aftermath as his philosophy about the world being a really shitty place, and he's like the hero.

djs: *But he dies at the end.*

LM: He does die at the end, but his son Chris lives on with everything his father taught him, and that was the sequel, Empire of the Dark. The sequel is so ridiculous, cheap, and funny. The last time I spoke to Steve was about 25 years ago, and he told me he was taking fencing lessons. So the hero in this one was a swordsman, and he has to fight all these, I don't know what they are, but instead of wearing makeup, they're wearing all these hooda, so they can be anyone. He had this really cheap cave set. It was so bad.

djs: *The Aftermath is a movie that not too many people know about, but it deserves a look. It's actually quite likable.*

LM: Yeah, the only release it got was on VHS and Laserdisc.

djs: *Video was brand new when this movie came out for rental in 1982.*

LM: I remember we had one of those gigantic decks, with gigantic buttons. On the Laserdisc there were some special features which aren't on the VHS.

djs: *Did Andy Kaufman see the movie?*

LM: I don't know. I knew Andy in '82 and he died in '84, so I don't think he knew about it. What we did have, though, was something—Steve, in his quest for publicity, contacted Gallery magazine, which was a sub-Playboy magazine, and said, "Hey, the girl who was the star of my movie will probably pose for you." And I did. I was 22 and I went, "What the hell?" I wasn't shy, they paid me 300 bucks, so I did it. Andy was very proud of that. He'd go around the set of Taxi and show everyone the magazine. He was putting all the stuff up on the walls. That was funny.

djs: *Do you have any final things to say about The Aftermath?*



LM: Well, back when I first started using the internet I typed in my name just to see what would come up, and up comes The Lynne Margulies Admiration Site, out of three things to come up. I'm like "What the hell is that?" It was an admiration site about me in The Aftermath, and some guy saying "I saw this movie, and I just love this actress, and she's never been in anything else—if anyone knows anything about her, let me know." My first thought was that it was Steve Barkett trying to find me. Right? I made a very sensitive email to the guy and then ascertained that it wasn't Steve Barkett. It was just some guy who had fallen in love with this character. After I contacted him, it just got bigger and bigger, he had this huge website dedicated to me. He's since disappeared. He was a survivalist kind of guy and I have a feeling after 9/11 he went into hiding.

djs: *It wasn't too creepy?*

LM: It was creepy. Yeah. He actually rewrote the ending of The Aftermath and he sent it to me.

djs: *Where you lived?*

LM: No. He sent it to Eric's store because I wouldn't send him my address. It really was kind of creepy because not only did she live, but she fell in love with this other character and they went off together.

djs: *Oh no! So what are you doing these days? I hear you just sold a book.*

LM: The book is called Andy Kaufman. I don't know if you know about his wrestling career, his female wrestling career, where he was challenging women to wrestle, but when he did it on Saturday Night Live, he got hundreds of letters from women all around the country challenging him to wrestle. They all sent photos and they handwrote their letters, and they're funnier than hell. He kept them all and he wanted to put a book out. So all these years I've been lugging these things around, and now I have a publisher, Process Media who's going to publish it in October. Bob Smuda is writing the forward. I'm going to re-release a bunch of Kaufman things on DVD too. I'm finally fulfilling Andy's wish.

About David J. Moore

David, one day after perusing his VHS video library, realized with stark clarity that a great majority of the titles on his Ikea shelves happened to be post-apocalyptic movies from the eighties. Titles like Warlords of the 21st Century, America XXXX and Land of Doom were prominently featured, and he thought, "Dude, I should write a cool book about post-apocalypse movies before someone else does," and so that's what he's been doing for the last several years. After scouring every independent mom-and-pop video store within a two hundred mile radius and (as a last resort) Amazon and ebay, David has collected and studied some three-hundred post-apocalyptic movies for the sake of science. His book, titled World Come Alive! A Survivor's Guide to Post-Apocalypse Movies, is still a work in progress, and should be out and about (and wearing a radiation suit) sometime by 2010.

IT'S ZOMBIE CROSSWORD TIME!

Complete the crossword with the correct answers and send it in to the address below. Anyone and everyone that sends it in completed will receive some sort of surprise goodies! For those of you who choose not to deface their 'zine, photocopies are entirely acceptable. Remember, all of the answers are related to the LIVING DEAD! Good luck fiends!



Across

1. Quoted as saying: "More Brains!"
5. What's in that rain?
6. Features frog worshipping undead doredevils
7. She'll get you with her zombie henchmen!
8. Enjoys shaving, classical music and handguns
10. Ambrosia to the dead
12. Lugosi's dramatically named necromancer
15. Choreographed cadavers cut a rug
16. Italy's industrious eye-gouging icon
17. Pittsburgh's pivotal purveyor of putrescence
18. Haitian vibrations
19. Reanimation to the dead
20. Children shouldn't play with this dead guy
22. Since that night they've returned five times
23. Lovecraft's deviant doctor
24. This Church revival won't save anyone

DOWN

2. Let sleeping corpses lie in this morgue
3. It's hite made the dead alive!
4. This underrated Italian scored Fulci's trilogy
5. They're coming to get her!
11. Played the ethereal organist
12. When there's no more room in hell, the dead will shop this mall
13. Sightless knights of terror!
14. This doctor lives in a basement by the cemetery
15. Cushing commands the underwater SS
21. Romero's #1 zombie

SEND YOUR COMPLETED CROSSWORDS TO:
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Assessing a respectable VHS tape collection over the years, I have often found myself knee-deep in some interesting, seedy and sometimes outright strange locales - this obsession has more than once whisked me from the safety of the carpeted and controlled-air sanctuaries of the local video store and into the haunted attics of apartment buildings, the stinking, wet basements underneath Chinatown nail salons, and inside the most stain-infested fire hazard adult video stores on the east coast - where I dare say with a smile, most of the odd, forgotten, and bizarre VHS can be found these days. But I assure you good reader: each and every empty clamshell, mismatched box and snapped tape of this ongoing journey into WTF? nirvana has been worth it - because as we all know, one man's *Sledgehammer* in the original World Video Pictures big box is another man's *Police Academy 3: Back in Training* on Blu Ray. Here in Tapes from the Trash Bin, I will feature some of the more offbeat, ugly and truly forgotten tapes from my collection running the gamut of home video hell - most of which were destined for out of print status long before anyone dared pop them in a player or unloaded them, shrink wrap still clinging, at their next garage sale.

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 studies, up animals, is taught to fall under their wing

NFL Films Video

Vincent Price "Strange But True NFL Rap" Lyrics (set to Thriller knock off beats) Shadows cover every patch of ground/ Doom emits a frightened sound/ An ill wind begins to howl and thrash/ The referee does the Monster Mash/ You try to scream

out its too late. You can't escape the hand of fate/dra faces regard you with a menacing glance/ Sliny things crawl up your pants/ The channel that can't be changed mesmerizes you/ with images that are strange- but TRUE! Whoa-hahsaahahahahaassat

De Mago de Oz de Frank Baum (1985)
Amarillo Rojo Café
Directors: Angélica Ortiz, Ramón Téllez
Writers: Frank L. Baum, Angélica Ortiz
Million Dollar Video Corporation

Every so often, a movie comes along that really tests your depths of obscure movie love. But then a movie like *De Mago de Oz* de Frank-Baum comes along and tests your fucking reality. And here I thought my cinema training ended when I witnessed the Turkish Wizard of Oz (Ay Bekir ve Sihirli Cüceler Ruyalar) likesinde and its third world dirt for dollars approach to moviemaking. Well, this movie makes what the Turks did look like James Cameron with a blank check from the Vatican. Years ago, while stocking up on honey BBQ pork rinds and cheap beer at a local bodega, out of the corner of my eye I caught a small rack of Spanish-language VHS. Buried under dubbed versions of Hollywood fare and Mexican cowboy movies was this: packaged as perhaps a Spanish language version of the timeless classic. Nothing could be further from the truth, as this was not just some over-dubbed version or even a low budget knock-off following the exploits of Dorothy and her pals, but - get this - a poorly-staged, live school play version of *The Wizard of Oz* - musical numbers, mistakes and all! Did I mention it was a school play? Did I mention it was in Spanish? Did I mention I never bought enough beer that night for this VHS? It takes balls to attempt such a play on stage, but it takes the cojones of King Kong to actually release it on VHS, which is just what is so impressive about this Psychotronic bomb from the barrio.



How to Break Into Heavy Metal (Without Getting Screwed) (1988)
Director: Aleks Rosenberg
Integrated Video Marketing

Hey, if you ever wanted to break into heavy metal, to get screwed or not, then you are in luck! This VHS sets the record straight and dishes the real dirt on breaking into the business of hair metal directly from the booze and drug-soaked brains of those who already have done all the work and are ready to share their secrets with you. The only glitch: if you are trying to break into heavy metal, you are about 25 years too late. But on this tape you will get a step by step, insiders guide to breaking into metal, like "Don't sell out," "work hard," "Make T-shirts," "Watch out for STDs" and more! Hear the whisky-assisted tales of money, power and sex from those who have grabbed the golden axe at the top of the metal food chain: like Lizzy Borden, Armored Saint, Grim Reaper, L.A.zz Rocket, White Lion and Warlock - all of whom ironically now work at food chains. But, there are never enough '80s metal bands on camera to quench our thirst for ridiculous commentary, raging egos and misguided predictions on fame (not to mention the spandex), making this VHS the perfect companion piece to the legendary *The Decline of Western Civilization: The Metal Years*.



Brush With Death Vol. 1 (1997)
Mirage Entertainment

In the wake of the ever-popular and unstoppable *Faces of Death* franchise, everyone seemed to jump right on the original "reality" bandwagon - death tapes. And for every *Traces of Death* and *Shocking Asia*, there are some unknown and forgotten mass-produced shelf filler that made it into the streams of videos over the years - but blink and they are gone. One of those elusive and short-lived series was *Brush With Death Vol. 1* (they never made it to Vol. 2 it seems). This 90-minute joyride into the joyless world of accidents and death is not much different than the slew of other pseudo-snuff fare that we have all jammed in our JVCs over the years. Except this one benefits from unintentional humor in the form of a dry, sometimes British-sounding narrator and some truly awful tracking problems, giving this tape even more of the fatalist feel it intends to without really trying. All the standards are on display here for the gut-spilling thrill seeker: bull fights gone wrong, running with the bulls gone wrong, snake handling gone wrong, shark attacks gone right and the usual suspects of air



crashing the sea...

stunt crashes the announcer calling out "everyone go get yourself some water" after a fatal crash is worth a brush with this VHS alone), car crashes and doomed skiers. But within all that, what *BWD* does offer is some interesting footage I've not seen before, and a super extended version of the "guy who stole an army tank" rampage that ended in the cops hot-headedly emptying their guns into the guy trapped in the tank. That did not make it on the news. It's interesting to think that before Youtube, this type of over-the-counter carnage is all we had to quench our bloodlust.

A Man Called Rainbow (1990)

The Anonymous Rebel Filmmakers

Director: David Cassi

Writer: Scott Altizer

Section Eight Video

Thank the gods that the "Anonymous Rebel Filmmakers" chose to stay anonymous after unleashing this sometimes very promising, once in a while funny, but overall misguided attempt at a what's *Up Tiger Lilly* meets *Kentucky Fried Movie* misfire. The group took the 1970 Stallone movie *No Place to Hide* (aka *Rebel*) and overdubbed, re-cut and altogether butt-fucked the movie into a comedy about a guy (Stallone, as "Jim Ramrook") who owes a record club six dollars and ninety five cents. Oh, and some radioactive poop the FBI is looking for. Add to that very dated (even for 1990) spoofs of Richard Nixon, black militants, the Vietnam war, 2001: A Space Odyssey, Star Wars, *Lord of the Rings*, *Airplane*, *The Fly*, *Wizard of Oz* and the Mr. Coffee machine! It's mostly though a riff on Stallone's celebrity via his *Rocky* and *Rambo* successes, but not as lawsuit-inviting as you would like it to be. Add to that endless burp and fart jokes with sound effects, a "scratch n' sniff" running gag lifted from John Waters' *Polyester* and some idiotic insert shots to flesh out the new plot, and you have a result that is often more ambitious than side-splitting. Though that's not to say there are not moments of sheer comic genius seeping out from edges, but they're covered in so much corny sub-marijuana humor that one has to think this was simply a big inside joke that seemed to leak out onto home video, which we are all the better for regardless. This one is at least worth its weight in plastic and tape as one of the rarest oddities from the VHS era.



Robbers of the Sacred Mountain (1982)

Entrepid Productions

Director: Bob Schulz

Writer: Arthur Conan Doyle, Olaf Pooley, Walter Bell

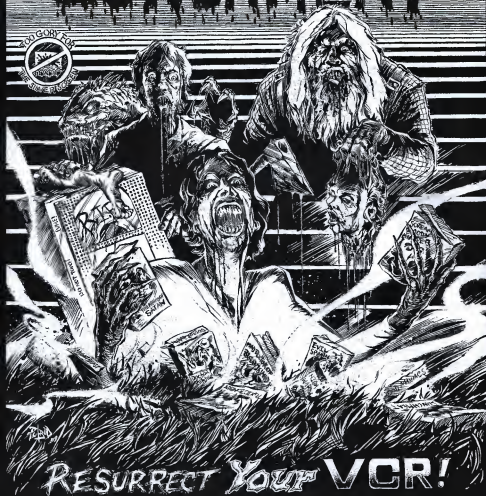
Prism Entertainment

We all suffered from *Raiders of the Lost Ark* - wait, I should clarify, we all suffered from the video shelves full of *Raiders*-inspired knock offs, rip offs, retellings and repackagings on VHS. Who among us can forget that all-time classic Indiana Jones inspired Italo-madness *Treasure of the Four Crowns*, and who the hell would want to forget it? Everyone got into the *Raiders* game, and you couldn't visit a video store without some post-Indy tale taking up space on the shelf. We had *Raiders of Atlantis*, *Raiders in Action*, *Ark of the Sun God*, *The Further Adventures of Tennessee Buck*, *King Solomon's Mine*, *The Lost Empire*, *Treasure of the Amazon*, *The Mines of Kilimanjaro* and many, many more that deserve their own article in these pages (note that, *Lunchseat* editors). *Robbers of the Sacred Mountain* may be one of the sleepiest of the bunch, and is a retitle of the laser sounding *Falcon's Gold* a made for cable movie based on a story by Arthur Conan Doyle, but it doesn't show. What does show is a complete lack of adherence to the rules of action, or those of the proper *Raiders* of the lost Ark rip-off. An adventurer treks to Mexico in search of some meteorite fragment or another that some ruthless and mucho lameo baddie wants to use in his time-stopping laser weapon. Meanwhile, lots of stuntmen fall, flop and fumble along the way as the hero searches for the treasures hidden in actress Blanca Guerra's underwear and she brushes off fake spiders and bugs. And I'm making it sound much more thrilling than it is. Just marvel at the exciting *Raiders*-inspired box for this one and leave the rest to your imagination.



Stay tuned for more treasures from the trash bin in the next issue!!

LUNCHMEAT



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THE NAME'S ANGUS AND I'M THE HEAD CHEF
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PHILLY INDY HORROR: THE MIND

Possessed of great power and preparation, the mystery man's consciousness remains out there in the ether. Flash forward to today: six random human accomplices are selected to exhume and soak his rotting bones in fresh human blood! The bulk of the movie follows these six ordinary people as they ruin their very different lives through murder, sacrifice and bloodletting. The sheer dread is augmented fabulously by an analog synth score from Jonathan (Angel of Decay, Deathpile) Canady.

Currently awaiting three film fest responses for the approaching fall season. **THE MIND** rests in a technological abyss (translation: deadKomputer). Those brave enough should check **THE MIND** @ myspace.com/themindmovie or search youtube for: AOPisaac - Contact the man behind the camera - isaac@americanoriginalpictures.com (also accepting paypal donations for SavetKomputer & FilmFest submissions! Neat-CP)



VINYL OF THE DEAD: NEKROLOGY ON LP!



Nekronology is a compilation of mournful musical selections from director Jorg Buttgeret's infamous films *Nekromantik*, *Nekromantik 2* and *Der Todesking*, as performed by Hermann Kopp. The idea behind the music was to create a dreary atmosphere through a raw, ritualistic sound you can hear Kopp's signature violin groans and moog synthesizer during scenes such as the bathtub suicide, the rabbit being skinned alive, and the necrophilia sequences. This vinyl version is strictly limited to 500 copies and comes in a deluxe gatefold jacket with both red splatter (limited to 100) and black 180G vinyl available. Please visit myspace.com/aestheticproductions or Relapse.com to pick up a copy. Please forward any inquiries to Aesthetic_Records@yahoo.com - This release is a must for any fan of dark, avant-garde scoring and Buttgeret's films.

VHS WILL NEVER DIE!

Here's a totally bitchin' shirt from a site called Mondotea.com - Just type "VHS shirt" into the search engine and you can take your pick of a green, blue, or pink glow behind the almighty video! Now is this a must have or what? You're damn skippy it is! Be sure to browse this site; they have gobs of cool shirts. The heavy metal band logo / director spoofs are so amazing. The Ingmar Bergman shirt rules our faces off.



555 ON DVD?! THAT'S RIGHT!

Bootleggers beware! Well, just be aware is more like it. Our friend and fellow videophile Louis has secured the rights to the cult trashic 555. He has been putting a TON of work into the release so you can get your Midnight Video big boxes that when it hits the shelves, it will be well worth the wait! To find out more details, contact LJ himself at: LouisQuentin@gmail.com

A SPIN-TACULAR MONSTER MASH-UP

Recognized as one the pioneers of the mash-up, DJ F and his buddy DJ Grise have teamed up to make one helluva Horror / Hip-Hop / Rock n' Roll mash-up indeed. They whirl together audio and visual clips from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *Phantasm*, *Frankenhooker*, *Scooby-Doo* cartoons and countless other horror favorites with music clips from the likes of Ice Cube, Queen, AC/DC, Michael Jackson, and tons more. These DJs adeptly remixed them into one cohesive thumping beat that will make you shake your ass and bang your head. If you want chicks to dance at your Hal-oween party, but don't want to compromise your values, this DVD will bring the party together. You can pick up your copy (which is also available as just audio on CD) at www.360Vinyl.com





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